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FLAVIA TO FANNY,

AN

EIPSTLE.

From a Peerleſs Poeteſs, to a Peerleſs P—— in immortal Dogrill.

Occaſioned by a late Epiſtle from *FANNT* to her GOVERNESS.

Now ev'ry pretty bard, will ſcan ye,
And pelt with ſatyr, helpleſs *Fanny*,
Like rogue on pillory exalted,
Or drunken wench, by rabble paulted.
A *P---n*, ſhould have delt ſincerely,
VVith one he ſeems to love ſo dearly.
Yet ſtill he innocent may be,
Perhaps he knows no more than thee.
VVhat does belong to truth or ſenſe,
And err'd thro' downright ignorance.
If this, ſweet boy, ſhould prove the caſe,
Let me perſuade you both, to Grace.
Confeſs your faults, and plainly ſay,
You meant no harm, 'twas but in play,
Promiſe amendment for the future,
And beg that *Pope* would thee *Re-tutor*.

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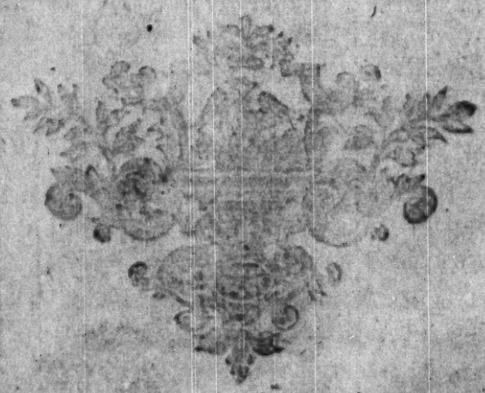
FANNY

AN

EPISTLE.



FLAVIA TO FANNY,

AN

EPISTLE.

EAR ſiſter, of the rhyming tribe,
To the my doggrill I inſcribe
Tis meant to do thy merrit right,
And laſh the fools, who bear thee ſpite
Each ſure more rude than ruſhian Bear,
Who can affront a *nymph*, ſo fair.

But hold, where is it I am running,
I may miſtake, for all my cunning,
Faith I forgot that ſome have ſaid,
Thou art a Male, and not a Maid,
Let that affair, be as it will,
Stil in thy cauſe I'le draw my quill,
Or if of gender *Epicœne*,
I'le guard thee ſafe from vulgar ſpleen,
Our tallents do ſo well agree,
That I muſt love and honour thee,
You boaſt much of your *John Trot* head,
And own youv'e ſcarce your Grammer read,
I am well ſkil'd in heathen Greek,
Can forreign Latin read, and ſpeak,

Yet

Yet againſt nature, and all rule,
Write this, to prove my ſelf a fool,
In verſe of which I know as much,
As you of *Homer* or *low Dutch.*
Thus far you ſee our humours hit,
You aim at learning, I at wit.
To ſhew your skill, 'gainſt POPE you thunder,
And I in gingling nonſence blunder.
This Method Lad will never do,
But mark what I'le propoſe to you,
E'en let us lay our heads together,
And this rough ſtorm we'l quickly weather,
To prove POPE's poem no *tranſlation*,
My buſineſs is; now learn your leſſon,
All triffling things in *Poetry*,
Muſt be perform'd, ſweet youth by thee,
Thus we ſhall fairly cheat the town,
While we each other works do own,
I ſhine in wit, and you in learning,
Scarce *Pope* himſelf, the trick diſcerning.
If any fool ſhould be too prying,
There's nothing in't, but flat denying,
Nay, ſhould they ſwear, 'twas yours at laſt,
Plead P---ge and lay them faſt.
By theſe wiſe maxims rules,
And ſacrifices. forward tools,
Who in the cauſe of truth appear,
To ſuffer pennance more ſevere.
Then Inquizition e'er inflicted,
On thoſe of blaſphemy convicted,
Nay, *Woolſton*, met with greater favour,
Who ridicul'd our bleſſed S---r.
Than he who *Robin Braſs* did mention,
And wildly talk'd of bribe and penſion,
The firſt got off by feigning madneſs,
T'other is ſo, in ſober ſadneſs.
By this it plainly doth appear,
That in this pious age my dear,
'Tis ſafer to deny ones creed,
Than aim a blow at *Priſcians Head.*
Why then ſoft hetrogenious thing,
Would'ſt thou ſuch mighty miſchief bring.
Why draw *Pope*'s anger againſt thee,
Who'l crack thy credit like a *Flea*,

Thy

Thy tutor, ſhould have taught thee better,
And not expoſed thy ſilley *Letter*,
Good man he needs muſt know thy parts,
And ſhould have try'd he a thouſaud arts,
To ſatisfie thy thirſt of fame,
Rather than brought thee to this ſhame,
Now ev'ry pretty bard, will ſcan ye,
And pelt with ſatyr, helpleſs *Fanny*,
Like rogue on pillory exalted,
Or drunken wench, by rabble paulted.
A *P----n*, ſhould have delt ſincerely,
VVith one he ſeems to love ſo dearly.
Yet ſtill he innocent may be,
Perhaps he knows no more than thee.
VVhat does belong to truth or ſenſe,
And err'd thro' downright ignorance.
If this, ſweet boy, ſhould prove the caſe,
Let me perſuade you both, to Grace.
Confeſs your faults, and plainly ſay,
You meant no harm, 'twas but in play,
Promiſe amendment for the future,
And beg that *Pope* would thee *Re-tutor*.
For tho' as *Solomon* has ſaid,
A fool were in a mortar bray'd,
Still from his folly would he not,
Be by that braying moved a Jot,
Yet that *great Bard*, has ſo much skill
He'll teach the Wit againſt thy will
By Juſt degrees inſtruct the how
To reach a ſprig from Laurel bough,
Inſpire thee with a power to think
Without the aid of *Wench*, or *Drink*,
So that your Muſe may venter ſoon
From ſcurvy ſong, and *dull Lampoon*
To make her entrance on the Stage
Or ſing the *Richmond Hermitage*.
He who at oudenard rode dobin
And at the laſt to praiſe Friend--------
With better luck i'le boldly ſay
Than pople had with his new play.
Now by your leave, I mean to try,
What I can do at ſimiley,
In London ſtrects, one often ſees,
An Aſs, who carreis hot grey peaſe.

The burley miſtreſs of the creature,
Has ſo reform'd his ſtubborn nature,
T'will trip as nimbly up the ſtairs,
As H----- does to H--- of -----,
Tho formerly as ſtory goes,
He'd ſtand unmov'd, a thouſand blows,
No mortal could the beaſt reclaim,
Till ſhe by ſinging made him tame.
Apply this tale, juſt as you will,
I am your humble ſervant ſtill.
And uſe the freedom of a friend,
Your little foibles to amend.
With grief of heart, alas! I hear,
You mean to write again, my dear,
Burnt children ought to dread the fire,
Apollo's ſons, are all in ire.
Once more provok'd, they'l ſhew no favour,
But drub thee into good behaviour
Ah Fanny - thou'rt not form'd for *fighting*,
Prithee forſwear both that, and writing.
Unleſs it be, a billet deaux,
To lady or *buzom ſue*,
Thus you may ſhow your hand is fair,
But venture not beyond your ſphere,
In politicks you ſtill may dabble,
And forge great Fibs, to pleaſe the rabble,
Your *Patrons* parts, and worth proclaim,
Or make a *Ballad* on his *Dame*.
Swear black is white and prattle nonſence,
You ſee I dont reſtrain your conſcience,
But leave you, at full liberty,
To fawn, and flatter, whore, and lye,
Theſe venial Sins, are now in faſhion,
I dare not ſhew 'gainſt them my paſſion,
For in theſe wondrous knowing times,
Plain dealing is the worſt of crimes,
Of this I'le give you, but one ſample,
Since precept moves, leſs than example.
A Clergiman of parts, and merrit,
Profoundly learn'd, of chriſtian ſpirit,
His benefice not very large,
Iuſt able, to ſupport, his charge,
For he had children, ſeven, or eight,
Which made his circumſtances ſtraight.

Tet liv'd content with little ſtore,
Lov'd by the rich, and help'd the poor;
Whoſe pray'rs were conſtant for his health,
And that he might increaſe in wealth,
Methinks I hear, gay Fanny ſay,
What---- had his pariſh learnt to pray.
A prieſt Religious---- unpolite,
'Twill ruin his preferment quite.
Yo've hit the matter to a hair,
Have patience Child, and you ſhall hear,
This parſon too, a patron had,
No doubt, you'l think the Man ſtark mad,
Who not aſham'd to own his G--d
Follow'd religions rugged road.
Purſued his Vicars way of Life,
And did not bluſh to love his Wife.
Oh, fye --- unfaſhionable creature,
Can there be --- ſuch a thing in nature.
I own the Miracle is great,
And yet he had a vaſt Eſtate.
D pends on none, will take no place,
In S--- Houſe, with modeſt Grace.
Aſſerts his Country's Liberty,
Abhoring Bribes, and Flattery.
In ſhort, ſo good he ſcarce would hear,
Ill Stories of the M---
In vain his Friends would ope' his Eyes,
With chriſtian mildneſs he replies.
Report too often doth deceive,
I'll try him firſt, e'er I believe,
To him, will I a Letter ſend,
And my good Chaplain recommend;
Tell him the Virtues of the Man,
Would ſhine with Luſtre in a D
And as there is a Vacancy,
I'm ſure he'll grant this Boon to me.
The hearers laught, who knew much better,
But egg'd him on to write his Letter.
Eager to prove their own aſſertion.
And of his weakneſs made diverſion.
So ſaid, ſo done, away he ſent,
The Vicar with his Complement.
With merit fraught, in habit New,
Directly up to - you know who.

With

With courtly bow, and gracious grin,
Sir quoth the---- I pray walk in.
Your patron is a worthy man,
I'le do you all the good I can.
But as to what is now requeſted,
Some triffling points, muſt be adjuſted,
Here is good ſir a proper *theme*,
Well handled t'would, exalt your fame.
This ſaid, a paper he preſented,
Which ſince full ſore has he repented.
You ſee iuſt now I have no leaſure,
To morrow I'le attend your pleaſure,
The modeſt Parſon ſtraight withdrew,
And left him with his h---g *Crew*,
With eager haſt he hurried home,
To veiu that *ſcroll* which ſpoke his doom,
When lo behold this glorious theme,
Was the defence of----- laſt ſ----e,
Quite ſhock'd with horror at the ſight,
He *high'd* to *patron* ſtead of ----,
View ſir the anſwer I have got,
Preferment ne're will be my lot,
Permit me in my humble way,
With my old flock, to preach and pray,
Beloving and belov'd of all,
My conſcience good, tho income ſmall.
I do not think it fit to enter,
On conſequence of this adventure,
Yet well we know a p---t was found,
Whoſe morals were not quite ſo ſound,
He did the work and *took the fee*,
Id, eſt, *a good fatt*, ------
My tale thus ends, which pray excuſe,
Or if you wont - downright abuſe,
The *firſt* may draw upon me *ſhame*,
The *laſt* will certainly give *fame*,
Sad caſe for you; yet ſo it is,
And therefore pray remember this.
When next your vein in *verſe* you try,
So *Flavia*, *Fanny* bids *good bye*.

FINIS.